THE

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. *AKENSIDE.*

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(Continued from page 73.)

New York, July 20, 1795.

"I find, my child, that I have but few hours to remain with you—I feel my life drawing fast to a close—I would depart in peace, but from the thought of leaving you friendless and unprotected. Providence, however, has been merciful in affording me even on this last stage, an opportunity for advice. You may be unconscious, my child, how encompassed with dangers most young people are, more especially those, who in the times of need have no one to look up to for admonition or assistance, and I fervently hope, that if ever my wishes have been fruitless, they may at least be efficacious at this eventful period. I have been studious to fulfil the engagements of a parent by always aiming to store your mind with such precepts as would solace you in the days of trouble, and make you know how to value the prosperities of life. That these efforts will not be abortive when every wayward inclination assails you is not to be expected; but let my dear child, the memory of your parent induce you to recoil from iniquity and follow the path which he has so assiduously marked for you. In mixing with the world you will find many ever ready to detract from your merits and to impeach your virtue from pretended suspicions, the weapons to which envy always has recourse. This picture of human nature, however degrading, is nevertheless certain: for want of properly restraining the predominant passions in youth, existence ever after, is chequered with lamentable incidents of wickedness and folly. Wherever superior qualities prevail, there censure and melevolence close follow. If it should be your lot to be so exposed, let not resentment or recrimination ever find a place in your breast: a consciousness of innocence is better than any defence that could be suggested; for whatever attempts are made to ward off a stigma, the calumniators are ever prepard to support their charges with complicated deception. Armed with integrity you may view the base attempts of jealousy with an unconcern which will invariably secure to you the blessings of repose, and in the end, an admiration from all unprejudiced minds. Numberless chances of destruction result from an ill choice of companions; to avoid these never associate with many: to mix with society is indispensable, yet be familiar with none but those who have given you unequivocal proofs of their friendship. Trial is the test of sincerity, and by it you will be enabled to judge where to fix your esteem. You will rarely find many whose minds are in unison with your own; but rather than adopt others shun company altogether. The frivolties which the greatest part of your sex are blamed for, have gained to much ground to be easily shaken. I early taught you a disregard for the various combinations of dress, the eternal topics in most female circles. It betrays an unpardonable weakness to admit no other subject for converse than that of gaudy trappings which are likely to adorn the body. What sensations have I felt at the reflection, that creatures endowed with a superlative intellect, capable of such exalted attainments by sublunary knowledge, should sacrifice their existence, nay, should sink to a condition not much above that of the brute's, when their capacities could be directed into a great and elevated channel. You must be sensible how true the remark is: you have partook of and enjoyed a society that few of your sex can aspire to, and heaven forbid you should descend to those places where levity is substituted for any substantial good. One thing more let me earnestly enjoin of you; it is a subject which directly interests you, and so intimately connected with your welfare that you should always be prepared for its approaches. Nature in her wise dispensations, has implanted in the human breast a sympathy between the sexes, which discovers itself generally at your time of life. In most connections people are led by two motives, passion and convenience. This event is the harbinger of happiness or misery. Some by an unrestricted impulse plunge into the matrimonial state, and the delusion being soon over they too late find themselves involved in poverty, which their intemperate zeal had either overlooked or palliated in the out-set. On the other hand, others wave the consideration of connubial content, and, influenced by sordid avarice, are led voluntary victims to wretchedness. The entrance into a state which is to determine for life enjoyment or misery, should be the issue of long acquaintance, trial and fidelity. For the sake of obtaining his purpose, a man will put on the most arch deception, and conceal his real disposition from the person whom he wishes to betray; hence results so many disastrous marriages. But should this dark hypocrisy be assumed, employ extensive observation for its detection; examine impartially every thing which influences his conduct towards you; something in the course of communication will transpire to unfold his true character, but to perceive it, minute investigation is particularly essential. As you value your peace, never determine to unite yourself to a man with whom affection shares not in the choice; without it marriage is nothing else but a field of thorns, but where it exists no human attainment is susceptible of such permanent felicity. In this last entreaty strive to unite worth with reciprocal love; follow in this, as in all other cases, the dictates of reason, and you never will have cause to repent of your determinations."

He would have continued, but his voice failed him, and putting his hand on his forehead, he faintly articulated "O my child where is your mother?"

Maria, during the whole time of her father's discourse, gave way to an immoderate grief, and when these last words were uttered she attempted to leave the room, but in so doing fell down at the side of her parent. It was evident that he had now but few moment to live; I therefore thought it proper to let his wife take her last leave of of him: I went to her room, where I found her in a slight slumber. I told her that the good man was anxious to see her. "Ah!" said she, "what are my fears, God grant that they may be unfounded." She hastened away, and arrived just in time to see the shade of her beloved husband take its flight to the realms of eternity.

Let me not attempt to describe the scene of affliction which succeeded. Words indeed would be inadequate to express half the terrors to which this unfortunate family were subjected. Day succeeded day without a prospect of their situation being meliorated, and an occurrence soon followed which precipitated them into the extreme of horror and despair. From the commencement of the old gentleman's sickness, the young man who I before told you confined his addresses to Maria, redoubled his visits, and by his conduct throughout, seemed much concerned at the distresses of the family. Nothing was left untried by him to administer consolation to the widow and orphan, and I more than once remarked, that by his persuasion and endearing blandishments, the distresses of Maria were much soothed; and in truth, all the tenderness of her disposition was exhausted upon him with the

most astonishing confidence. Mrs.—— was glad to find that he took an interest in her daughter's behalf, more from the good opinion entertained of him by her deceased husband, than from her own approbation, and, as she could not help but perceiving the partiality which Maria had towards him, she was resolved to encourage it as far as her power extended.

(to be continued.)

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

" *How did my bosom swell with anxious grief,*
When I beheld her, struggling in the monster's arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast and vary in her face."

MESSRS. EDITORS,

In recounting the numerous evidences of the turpitude of the human heart—there is none so prominent as that of seduction—on this subject I have often thought, more especially when I have had occasion to contemplate, the condition of the female in their pilgrimage through this land of trouble and remorse.

The reason I have spent much thought on this subject, is, because it has always been a questionable point with me, whether in seduction, the man is to suffer all the blame; tho' I have always inclined to this latter opinion, which has been lately confirm'd by an instance that has come under my own notice. I will, for the sake of exposing villainy, but in a disguised form, give you a short history of it, which may both entertain, and prove a lesson to some of your readers, especially those, who have been in the habit of regaling themselves in the fields of gallantry.

A few nights since, I had an opportunity of secreting myself in a part of a room, where was seated a charming young lady, about 16 or 17, and to appearance, a modest youth who has just attained the acme of life; this young disciple of cupid, had been observed, to be assidiously attending to this lady for some time, but without suspicion of his hellish design. This night however, they were left by the family, who had retired to their chambers—I also had gone to my chamber to bed; but waking about 2 o'clock in the morning, I found this loving pair was still below—Feeling an interest for the welfare of this lady, and a desire to put my opinions to the test of experiment, I resolved to get, if possible in hearing, at least, of those children of nature—I was fortunate—I got not only in hearing, but in sight too, tho' unobserved by them—I saw the unfortunate fair one, weeping in "bitter anguish!" I heard his solicitations, and above all, his menaces. They would, if identified, make a man of the most obdurate heart, shed tears of blood—It appeared however, she was under a sense of no small obligation to him, inasmuch, when her entreaties appeared to be abortive, he threw her from his arms, and swore he'd never speak to her again; she ran to him, press'd her watry cheeks to his "demon's" face, and prayed he would not persist in his declarations—But in vain did she pray, he was inexorable. Nothing short of his inhuman, nay, brutal gratification, would suffice—she yielded, after a formidable opposition, for so I must call it; for a man of sensibility or of virtue, her tears, her sighs, wouid have been a more powerful, a more potent barrier, than an opposition, " vice et armis."

I will close these remarks, as business of more interesting nature requires my attention. You may expect to hear from me further on this subject; I have much in store to say on it; The history I have given you, being only an exemplification of a preconceived opinion.

VIRTUOSUS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE REGISTER.

NO. II.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE ESTHONIANS.

(Continued.)

III. But the damsel, his beloved, the desire of his soul, for whose sake he undertook this wearisome journey, and despised every difficulty, is fled. The virgin has concealed herself, from female modesty. " Where is my promised, my betrothed?" The parents and relations of the bride, who have hid her, make answer:

Hæsti, hæsti, peiokenne!
Kes kæskis saiaga tulla?
Eks voinud sallaga tulla?
Neido helis pilli heale.
Neido lentis leppikulle,
Neido kargäs kasikulle;
Virtus vimaks nahtud neido,
Harjus anded jaggarud,
Peides pea suggenud,
Viljandes on vihhellud.

Very well, very well, thou bridegroom!
Who bid thee come with company?
Couldst thou not come here in private?
The bride heard the bagpipes blow.
She fled into the aldar bushes,
She sprang into the poplar woods,
In Vierland we saw her last,
In Harrien she gives her gfts,
With white beads her head was dressed,
Delicately was she attired.

How naive—" Who bid thee come with company? Couldst thou not come here in private?"—Now thou mayest go and seek her, traverse the whole country. Run over all Vierland, speed through all Harien, (two circles of Esthonia.) In Harrien her nuptial presents are already distributed: she has already another bridegroom. And how was she dressed?—As gaily as the people of the city: with white beads her head-dress was adorned In city-manners did she appear, perfumed with liquid odours.—Every thing is combined that could render his ardent passion still more ardent. He runs about the fields, and then searches every corner of the house, till at last he finds his jewel.—He that does not perceive nature here, perceives her no where. It is the language of insulting jocularity, the sportive taunts of such as find pleasure in teazing a lover. The treasure, however, is only kept from him for a time, to make it of more value to him afterwards.

Is the bride fitted out by her parents? then they give her something towards housekeeping, linen, wearing-apparel, and a cow or a sheep, &c. But, if she be an orphan, this cannot be expected. How trifling and scanty must the presents appear in comparison of those usually given about among the the guests on such occasions!—The following ballad is sung by an orphan at the time of distributing the presents:

IV. I am alone, like the sparrow-hawk;
And yet the sparrow-hawk has five besides herself.
I am alone, like the duck;
And yet the duck always goes in pairs.
I am alone, like the crane;
And yet the crane has six besides herself.
I am alone, like the pelican;
Yet she has two children.
I am quite alone,
Have no father,
No mother,
To whom shall I lament my woes?
To whom shall I unbosom my distress?
On whom shall I lean when people scold me?
Shall I complain to the crow-toe flowers?
The flowers will fade:
Shall I complain to the flowers of parsley?
They will decay:
Shall I complain to the meadow-grass?
The meadow-grass will wither.
And yet it hears my lamentation,
The song of the wretched orphan.
Rise up, my loving mother!
Rise up, my loving father!
Rise up, and shut my box;
Make fast the trunk that holds my bridal presents!
" I cannot rise up, my daughter!
" I cannot rise up, I am not awake!
" The green grass is grown over my head;
" The blades of grass grow thick on my grave,
" The blue mist of the forest is before my eyes,
" And on my feet the weeds and the bushes are grown."

An elegy, which, for truth of expression, may be ranked with those of Ovid. Who does not here participate in the bitter reflections of an orphan! She is going to enter on a new condition; and she has no one on whom she can lean. And yet she must

make presents?—She calls to her parents in the grave, in doleful mockery. "Dear father, help me to shut the great chest which contains my dowry. It is so full that I cannot of myself shut down the cover. Give me, mother, the bridal presents, which the guests are expecting!" But their situation is their sufficient excuse.

If this ballad fails to please on the first perusal, it will certainly meet with better success on the second or third. It is the expressive language of nature. The similes of the duck and the pelican (or rather the spoon-bill) are probably shocking in our more refined nations, where we are frequently hearing of ostriches, phœnixes, cameleons, creatures of which nothing is known, in general, except the name. But, if we consider, that a poor country girl is here speaking, who can only take her similes from the objects she is daily conversant with, we shall easily pardon her for using them. After frequently reading the foregoing, we enter into the genius of the poetically-complaining maid; we think with her spirit, sympathize with her feelings, and are pleased wiih her language, as the language of nature.

V. A song of the reapers. At the corn-harvest the females have no other cloathing than a shift, tied about the waist with a string, or a stripe of list. No coat or gown have they, no neckcloth or handkerchief: their whole apparel consists in a shift, a rib-band about the head to tie up the hair, and a few beads that hang about their neck.—The men wear a pair of linen trowsers besides the shirt—all go barefoot.

How cutting to the German landlords ought the last line but one, of the following sonnet to be! As its proper effect, it should teach them a little humanity; for never were human creatures treated with less than the Esthonian and Livonian peasants. The 3d, 4th, and 5th, are certainly ingenious and significant. They are a tissue of delicate sentiment, sarcasm, and simplicity.

Shine, shine, thou sun!
Bright and cheerful be the day!
Shine, that we may be warm without cloth,
Drive with thy heat the linen asunder,
And make us to sweat without any cloaths.
Shine, sun, upon the preg*,
And upon the silver beads:
The heat does not spoil the preg,
Nor fair weather the gaudy beads!
Shine not on the Germans at all,
But shine on us forever!

VI. The summer is short in Esthonia. So early as the middle of August, heavy rains and bleak winds frequently interrupt the hay-making. They are therefore obliged to toil with redoubled force at this employment on the sun-shining days. If the boor were free, and might call what he mowed his own, there would be no need of having recourse to coercion to increase the velocity of his arm. But a large plot of ground is prescribed him as a task; "This must be mown down to day, or there is no rest for thee." The overseer stands by him with the stick in his hand, which he lays plentifully on the backs of those, who, in his judgment, do not move their arms quick enough.—The bailiff receives an order, at the hay season, to turn out all the people of the estate, i. e. not to suffer even the little children, who have scarcely more strength than to enable them to go alone, to remain at home, but all to be taken to work in the fields. Some of my readers may perhaps be inclined to think, to hope at least, that I exaggerate. But, let people visit them as I have done. As that probably may not be convenient, let them hear the language of these poor human creatures in the songs of their own composing, the representations which they make of it, their feelings, which they are forced at the time to confine within their hearts—and then, if they affirm the contrary, I will willingly submit to the reproach of not having adhered to the truth.

So long the hay-making lasts,
Till the grass is all mown down.
So long must we ted the swathes
Till the weeds are all away,
Till the sabines are raked off
While the stack is not yet made.—
Ah! 'tis better to live in the bottomless pit,
More happy to be unhappy in hell,
Than to belong to our farm;
Before sun-rise we are already at work,
By moonlight the hay must be cocked,
After sun-set we must still be working.
The oxen feed while under the yoke,
The poor geldings are always in the team,
The labourer stands on pointed sticks,
His little help-mates on the sharp thorns.
Our lord walks upon a white floor!
Our lady wears a golden crown!
Our young masters wear silver rings!
They sit down in easy chairs,
Or walk up and down the hall.
Let them look on us poor boors,
How we are tormented and plagued—
How the little ones are tortured
If they run but a finger's length from their work;
And we must all be kept dispersed.

H.

(To be continued.)

* *Preg is the head-dress of an unmarried woman, consisting of a circle of pasteboards, decorated with pieces of silks tied about with artificial tresses, and keeping the hair together.*

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

NO. V.

REFLECTIONS.

Covetousness is the greatest of monsters, as well as the root of all evil. I have once seen the man that died to save charges.—What! give ten shilling to a doctor, and have an apothecary's bill besides, that may come to I know not what? No, not he: valuing life less than twenty shillings. But indeed a person of this kind could not well set too low a price upon himself; who, tho' he lived up to the chin in bags, had rather die than find in his heart to open one of them, to help to save his life.

Such a man is felo de se, and deserves not Christian burial, he is a common nuisance, a weir across the stream, that stops the current: an obstruction to be remov'd by a purge of the law. The only gratification he gives his neighbours, is to let them see that he himself is as little the better for what he has, as they are. For he always looks like Lent; a sort of lay minion. In some sense he may be compared to Pharoah's lean kine, for all that he has, does him no good. He commonly wears his cloaths till they leave him, or that nobody else can wear them. He affects to be thought poor, to escape robbery or taxes; and by looking as if he wanted an alm's, excusing himself from giving any. He ever goes late to market, to cover buying the worst; but does it because it is cheapest. He lives of the the offall. His life were an insupportable punishment to any temper but his own; and no greater torment to him on earth, than to live as other men do. But the misery of his pleasure is, that he is never satisfied with getting, and always in fear of losing what he cannot use.

The warmth of the passions is not the cause of our irregularities: the furious ungovernable courser, that runs away with the bad rider, that throw and tramples him under foot, is obedient to the bridle under the direction of a skilful master; and gains the prize in a glorious course. The weakness of passions discovers a poverty of nature.—What in fact, is that heavy silent citizen, whose insipid soul is void of all sensibility; who is peaceful, because he is incapable of action; who vegetates, and suffers himself to be easily led by the magistrate, because he has no desires? Is he a man or a statue? Place by him a man full of lively sentiments, who rides upon the impetuosity of his passions. He tears off the veil from the sciences; he will commit faults, and he will display genius. An enemy to repose, and thirsting after knowledge, he will draw from the commotions of the world a luminous and sublime spirit that will enlighten his country; he will afford, perhaps occasion for censure; but he will have exerted all the energy of his soul; the spots in his character will disappear, because he will be greatly useful to mankind.

Conversation animates the rencounter of ideas, brings forth treasures of the mind, and is one of the greatest pleasures of life; it is moreover that of all others I most highly enjoy. But in the world I have remarked, that instead of nourishing, strengthning and elevating the mind, it enervates and degrades it. All things are now become problematical. By an abuse of reason, the very existence of objects is in a manner destroyed. We meet with panegyrics on the most enormous abuses. All things are justified. They embrace unknown to themselves, a thousand puerile and extravagant ideas. Their minds become distorted by the collision of opposite opinions. There

is I know not what poison, that insinuates itself, mounts to the head, and clouds your primitive ideas, which are commonly the most just. Avarice, ambition and luxury, have so subtle a logic, that after hearing them, you have no longer your former abhorence for those by whom they are practised; they all prove themselves to be innocent. We must quickly fly to solitude to regain a vigorous abhorence of vice. The world makes us familiar with those enemies it applauds and affect us with its delusive spirit. By too much frequenting with men, we become less men; we receive from them a false light that leads us astray. It is by shutting the door we recollect ourselves, that we perceive the pure light of truth, which never shines among the multitude.—Happy are they who enjoy thee!

Look at yonder venerable fabrick which contains the tombs of so many nobles and princes, of so many kings and conquerors, of so many statesmen, philosophers, orators, poets, &c. with numb rs from among the young and the gay, who formerly danced the round of pleasure, heedless of impending disease; and perhaps with a few who sought wisdom early, but by what was termed an untimely fate, fell with all their virtues blooming about them. Look, I say, at that celebrated repository of the dead, and contemplate the impotence, the nothingness, of all that pride is apt to boast. See the universal leveller, death, with stern aspect, and hidious demeanour, stalking from monument to monument, conscious of his victories, and exulting in the splendid spoils of successive generations. Survey at leisure this heart chilling scene—and be proud if you can!

z.

MISCELLANY.

OMAR.

(concluded.)

Omar returned, and found a messenger who acquainted him with the news, that Ali, having overheated himself at a great feast in Bagdat had taken some cooling fruits to refresh himself, died of a fever, and was borne to the grave with the curses of about fifty believers, among which were those of widows and orphans. Omar wrote, that he made himself responsible for all Ali's debts, thanked the Almighty for having recompensed the injustice of his friend, and went the next morning to the sage.

'Omar,' said he, 'what mode of life dost thou pursue?' 'I pray to the Immortal, I shudder when I see my slaves suffer, I give and lend to those that are in want, but still I curse my existence.' 'The Eternal created thee, Omar, and thou art marked in his books.' 'But wherefore have I been the death of a woman and a man of a thousand times more value than myself?' 'We are the creatures of the Eternal; blessed be the Eternal!' 'But what should I not do to surse my existence?' 'Abstain and enjoy.' 'Thou toldst me that before; but understood thee not.' 'I will send my grandaughter, to thee, Omar. I have something to say to my workmen.' The old man called Zemira, and left Omar alone.

'I am not disposed to day,' said Omar, 'to keep company with a lady; nevertheless I shall wait for her.' Zemira entered. She had a pretty straw hat on her head, and her stuff gown was tucked up, that it might not incommode her in working. 'Omar,' said she with a modest frankness 'my grandfather desires thee to dine with us to day.' 'Thou wilt have then but a silent guest,' said Omar with a deep sigh. But thou wilt first help me to dig a couple of flower-beds?' 'Most joyfully.'

He then followed Zemira into a small garden which she had cultivated with her own hands; and was astonished at the beautiful regularity preserved in it. They began to dig. The sun struck full on Omar's head. And as soon as the first bed was ready, he asked if there was a fresh spring of water at hand. 'Thou must not drink, Omar, till we have finished the second bed. Thirsty as he was, Omar was obliged to dig on. At length the second bed was finished. Zemira went and fetched some water from the spring, and gave it him to drink. 'Has the water tasted well to thee,' said she, with a malicious smile?' Better than any I ever drank in my life. But I see three fine palm-trees, let us go and sit in their shade.' 'Presently, Omar; but we will first walk about the garden.'

Omar could not conceive what pleasure Zemira could find in walking in the heat of the burning sun; but, that he might not be uncivil, he walked. She entertained him with relating the history of all the flowers she herself had nurtured. At last, when Omar could scarcely walk through weariness, they went and sat under the palm-trees. 'Is the shade pleasant to thee, Omar?' 'So much, that I think it a foretaste of the great prophet's paradise.' 'And dost thou think thou wouldst have enjoyed it thus if thou hadst not been tired?' 'That is impossible.' 'And would the water have tasted so well had I given it thee immediately?' 'By the prophet it would not.'

At this moment the grandfather came; sent Zemira home to get dinner ready, and sat down beside Omar. 'Art thou better, young man,' said the hoary sage? 'I am as well at this moment as ever I was in my life. I have fatigued myself, and am here enjoying repose.' 'Go on in this manner, and thou wilt soon learn to enjoy. If thou wilt receive instruction, thy distemper is curable.' 'But tell me, O sage! how I may enjoy all things?' 'As thou enjoyest this shade. Mark my words; whoever desires to enjoy must first abstain. The Eternal has ordained it as a fundamental law. And the greatest voluptuousnes is comprehended in this law. Learn to long for a thing, and thou wilt be at ease. Learn to abstain, and thou wilt infalliby enjoy.'

Zemira called them to dinner. They went in, and sat down at table. Omar was hungry. The vessels and the table linen were coarse; but exceedingly clean. The dishes were few, but they were adapted to each other. They were wholesome, and were seasoned by the conversation of the wise old man and his grand-daughter. They rose up, and Omar confessed that he had never been better entertained even at the calif's. He promised to come and see them pretty often; and he kept his word.

Till now Zemira and Omar had seen one another as a friend sees his friend. They had eyed each other freely, had conversed confidentially, and had pressed hands sociably. The old man soon observed that Zemira spoke less in Omar's presence: and that Omar cast his eyes on the ground in her's.

The sage once left them alone, in an arbour of roses; he immediately fell on his knees before her, seized her hand, and said in a faultering tone of voice: 'Dost thou guess, O Zemira, what I am about to tell thee?' Zemira blushed, ordered him to rise, and let her hand involuntarily lie in his. Omar did not rise till she had confessed to him that she was not angry; he begged and begged a kiss as a proof that he might believe her; but all to no pupose; she remained inflexible. 'Thou givest me pain, Omar,' said she, 'but I durst not grant thy request.' 'And why not?' 'Because I—because I—love thee.'

The grandfather at this moment came up to them; and Omar was obliged to break off his conversation with Zemira. 'Would ever any man think a girl would not kiss him because she loved him?' said Omar to himself.

They went in to dinner; the conversation fell on indifferent subjects. The sage remarked, that strangers admired the fine walks and parks which the califs had laid out before the gates of Bagdat; but they execrated the pavement they had caused to be laid in Bagdat; 'for example,' 'continued the old man, 'in that street where thy palace is, I have twice dislocated my leg.' Omar sat deeply engaged in thought; and gave an answer not at all to the purpose.

'What is the matter with thee Omar?' said the sage. Omar sighed; considered a little, and then related to him the whole affair. The old man smiled, looked at them both; and, stroaking Zemira's cheek, said, 'I thank thee, Zemira, for loving Omar so well.' Omar still entreated, in the presence of the sage, for a kiss; and she at length promised him one as soon as the street in which his palace stood should better paved.

Omar hastened to Bagdat, obtained permission of the calif hired pavers, took upon himself the chief inspection, employed himself, and forget his dissatisfaction. In two months he returned, and claimed Zemira's first kiss. In like manner he was obliged to something to deserve a second, a third, and so on.

And three years after his first declaration of love, Zemira became his wife. He learnt of Zemira to enjoy more and more the goods of the earth: blessed the Eternal, praised his destiny, and forbore to examine into things inscrutable to mortal eye. Zemira now had been ten years his spouse, and still he knew not all her charms. He often asked

for more than she gave him; was importunate, was even unreasonable; but Zemira said to him, 'ABSTAIN AND ENJOY.' Omar kissed her hand and was silent. Omar abstained and enjoyed, and was content.

DR. KENNICOTT.

The authors of the Encyclopœdia Britannica, under the article Kennicott, confess themselves ignorant of the parentage and early life of that learned oriental scholar. It is of great importance that every thing relating to eminent persons should be made public. As biography is to individuals, what history is to a nation, useful under various situations for the regulation of conduct, nothing, that shews the progress of men from obscurity to eminence, can be considered as trivial. However estimable in the eyes of the multitude, high birth and hereditary station may appear, those in reality most deserve the admiration and gratitude of mankind, who have proved in themselves, that virtue and talent, accompanied by assiduity, may climb to the summits of fame or success. The biography therefore of men, who have toiled with persevering industry, will be the greatest stimulus to the activity, and at the same time teach us how to regulate our attempts. It will inspire patience under obstacles, and correct the irregularities of sanguine hope.

The origin of Dr. K. was obscure. His parents were honest characters: his father was the parish clerk of Totness in Devon, and once master of a charity school in that town. At an early age young Kennicott succeeded to the same employ in the school, being recommended to it by his remarkable sobriety and premature knowledge. It was in that situation he wrote the verses to the Hon. Mrs. Courtney, which recommended him to her notice, and that of many neighbouring gentlemen. They, with a laudable generosity, opened a subscription to send him to Oxford.

He soon there distinguished himself as is well known. As a testimony of the truth of the above statement, the following is a copy of an inscription written by Dr. K. and engraved on the tomb of his father and mother. The writer of this article has transcribed it from the original in the church-yard of Totness. The tomb is more elegant than persons in their situation are accustomed to have erected, and was thought, perhaps, by the envious, to be somewhat ostentatious. A personal knowledge of the Dr. induces the writer of this article to think that it was rather the tribute of a good and grateful mind, and of the pious reverence and love which he entertained for the authors of his being.

As virtue should be of good report,
sacred
be this humble Monument
to the memory of
Benjamin Kennicott, Parish Clerk of Totness,
and Elizabeth his Wife:
The latter,
an example of every Christian duty;
The former,
animated with the warmest zeal,
regulated by the best good sense,
and both constanly exerted
for the salvation of himself and others.
Reader!
Soon shalt thou die also;
and as a candidate for immortality
strike thy breast and say—
Let me live the life of the righteous,
that my last end may be like his.

Trifling are the dates of time,
where the subject is eternity.

Erected
by their son, B. Kennicott, D. D.
Canon of Christ-Church, Oxford.

It is said that when Dr. K. had taken orders, he came to officiate in his clerical capacity in his native town: when his father as clerk proceeded to place the surplice on his shoulders, a struggle ensued between the modesty of the son and the honest pride of the parent, who insisted on paying that respect to his son, which he had been accustomed to shew to other clergymen: to this filial obedience was obliged to submit. A circumstance is added that his mother had often declared she should never be able to support the joy of hearing her son preach; and that on her attendance at the church for the first time, she was so overcome as to be taken out in a state of temporary insensibility.

THE PURPLE LIGHT OF VENUS.

It is extremely difficult to conceive what the ancients meant by the word *purpureus*. They probably designed by it any thing *bright and beautiful*. Albinovanus, in his elegy on Livia, mentions *Nivem purpureum*. Catullus, *Quercus ramos purpureos*. Horace, *Purpureo bibit nectar*—and somewhere mentions, *Olores purpureos*. Virgil has *Purpuream vomit ille animam*, which Pitt renders a *purple soul;* and Homer calls the sea *purple*, Il. L. 1. 82, and gives it in some other book the same epithet, when in a storm.

I am obliged to two classical friends for having furnished me with these, and numerous other instances, in which the meanings are very contradictory.

The general idea, however, has been fondly adopted by the finest writers in Europe. The purple of the ancients is not known to us. What idea, therefore, have the moderns affixed to it? Addison in his version of the "Temple of Fame," describes the country as having a *purple light*. Gray's beautiful line is well known:

The *bloom* of young desire, and *purple light*
of love.

And Tasso, in describing Godfrey, says Heaven,

Gli empie d'oner la faccia, e vi riduce,
Di Giovinezza, *il bel purpureo lume.*

Both Gray and Tasso copied Virgil, where Venus gives to her son Æneas:

.....*Lumenque Juventæ*
Purpureum.

Dryden has omitted the *purple light* in his version, nor is it given by Pitt; but Dryden, perhaps, expresses the general idea, by

.....With heads divine
Had form'd his curling locks, and *made his temples shine;*
And given his rolling eyes *a sparkling grace.*

It is probable that Milton has given us his idea of what was meant by this *purple light*, when applied to the human countenance, in the felicitous expression of,

"CELESTIAL ROSY-RED."

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Editors,

I went last sa! bath evening, to hear Mr. Basset deliver a lecture to his pupils; and I was indeed most agreeably entertained. There was a respectable audience, composed of the parents of the pupils, together with a number of other ladies and gentlemen. The exercises of the evening were begun with the pupils singing a hymn: several of whom afterwards read a few moral and religious pieces, which were so well adapted to the time and occasion, that I think some of them must have been original. As it is peculiarly pleasing to parents, to see their children progress in learning, I was much gratified in observing the great improvement of the pupils in general, since the preceding public reading, both in modulation and emphasis. Mr. B. after an appropriate prayer, delivered his lecture; the subject of which was *the Compassion and Benificence of the Deity*, which he displayed in a forcible and impressive manner, and in glowing and elegant language. The whole was concluded by the pupils singing a hymn, which it appeared had been composed for that purpose. I have since heard the sentiments of several parents and others on the occasion; all of whom were as much pleased as myself, and unite with me in expressing a wish that Mr. B. will consent to have the lecture published in your valuable paper.

A PARENT.

REMARK.

What a pleasure it is to pay ones debts!—It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances; each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place it removes uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affections.

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 87.)

At length, however, I received a note from my sweet benefactress, desiring me to be in the Park at a certain hour the following day—a day which I would wish to forget forever, as the date of that melancholy which my mind has ever since been overcast, and, what is infinitely more lamentable, of the remediless decay of the greatest mind that ever inhabited a female form, and of the fairest form that ever doubled the charms of an accomplished mind. Alas, sir! how shall I describe my sensations, I may say sufferings, when I saw her coming towards the place appointed! My knees tottered under me, as if they carried an unusual weight, and I was ready to tumble at every step: till at length my feelings overcame my strength, and I fairly sunk down upon a bench in a most unmanly trepidation. She approached me as I sat, and seemed an angel charged with some gracious message. At length I summoned my fortitude, and advanced, trembling, towards her. She stretched out her fair hand to me, with a frankness that enchanted me, and gave me at the same time that confidence of which I stood so much in need. It is impossible to detail the conversation which passed; it was such as raised my admiration of her understanding, as much as it had already been raised by her sweetness and generosity of mind. She left me, with an injunction to call upon her next morning—an appointment, it is unnecessary to say, I was punctual in observing. I found her in her study, with a book before her, in which she seemed to be making memorandums of her bounties while the angel was registering them in heaven. As I approached her, she took off her large mellow eyes, yet glistening with the dews of charity, and fixed on me such an affectionate regard, that that moment repaid me for all the pains I had hitherto endured.

'This, sir, said she, bidding me sit down by her side, 'is the way in which I amuse myself during the absence of my husband. I have more money than I can spend upon myself, by reason of the little satisfaction I receive in the pleasures which money can purchase. You perceive, therefore, that I can appropriate to myself but little credit for these bounties, as the sacrifice they demand from me is so small. My compassion to you may perhaps consider as a contracted sort; for I confess to you that the calls of of loud and clamorous misfortune do but little excite it—the shallowest streams murmur most in their course. I am in the habit of searching only for that peculiar wretchedness which courts concealment, and flows in a deep and silent channel through the vale of misery. The fruit of this employment has been a constant serenity and cheerfulness of mind, under circumstances which, in the opinion of the world, must necessarily disturb my tranquillity. My husband lives from me the greatest part of the year, and, the world says, is false to me: but I take no pains to enquire into his conduct, having enough to do to preserve my own from contamination.'

'How it was, I cannot tell, but I felt it no mortification to be informed that she was married: I had never raised my hopes to an union with her; and singular though it may seem, in the whole course of our friendship nothing of the vulgar passion ever mixed with my affection for this best of women. Unriddle me, sir, if you can, for you probably are more read in these subjects than myself, how is it that, in our connexions with the sex, we sometimes feel too much admiration for love, and too much obligation for intimacy, at the same time that our zeal and devotion transcend even common love, prepare the mind for greater sacrifices, and carry it to a higher pitch of enthusiasm?

'Something like this was my attachment to this adorable person: but alas! sir, in what terms sufficiently chaste and sanctified shall I confess to you that such was not the temper of her own regards; our affections are always mellowed towards those whom we have greatly obliged; and the pity with which we view the children of misfortune, is very apt, ere we are conscious of the change, to soften into love. Indeed, sir, if you have escaped the misery of beholding it, believe me, it is the most painful of all human sights, to contemplate the decay of a great and ornamented mind—to behold it the innocent prey of an hopeless passion—to see it defoliated and withered, just as it had accomplished its growth. Such an affecting sight was I destined to behold in my dear benefactress, with the additional sorrow inspired by the reflexion, that, in saving me, she ost herself, and that my very existence is implicated in the destruction of the fairest and best of women.

'In such circumstances, sir, what are my hopes of happiness on this side of the grave? My very life is a reproach to me: and with my breath I draw in an accumulation of that debt which is poorly paid in sighs to her memory. By the decay of her mind, suppose not that I mean any vitiation of sentiment, or impoverishment of principle, much less any stain upon that virtue which passed immaculate with her to the grave, and was pure enough for an angel to own, after all that was mortal had perished. But such were the effects of her fatal passion, that I was doomed to see all her energies of soul, —even her alacrity in the service of humanity, droop; her spirits languish; and the sceptre drop from that mind, where reason and compassion had reigned together. Alas! sir, do tell me, how I shall ever discharge such a debt as this, unless by dying a martyr, like her, which is surely an improbable event, to the merciless effects of a fruitless passion.

'I shall spare both myself and you, by avoiding a detail of this unhappy attachment, which, taking place in a mind too unsuspicious of its growth, and too innocent to regard itself with distrust, attained insensibly to such a gigantic strength, that no force could withstand it, or even moderate its violence. It lay a long time concealed in the deep sanctuary of her bosom, till an event happened, which drew aside the veil, and displayed the secret ruin that passion had wrought. We were one day on the road at a late hour, when two highwaymen stopped the carriage; one of them putting his pistol brutally to the cheek of my companion, I was unable to restrain my indignation, and, wresting it with violence from his hand, brought him to the ground with the butt end. At the same moment a bullet from the other grazed my temple, whom however I managed to treat as I had done his comrade, and in the end secured them both.

'On my return to the carriage, I found the dear lady so ill, that it was necessary to stop at the next inn we came to for rest and refreshment. Her gentle spirits had been so agitated during the encounter, that she was some time in recovering her faculties. In her delirium she insisted that I was shot through the heart, and held her handkerchief to my head to stop the blood which her disordered fancy represented as flowing in torrents. As her reason had at this moment deserted its post, her passion had nothing to oppose it. From time to time she flung her arms round my neck, and imprinted kisses on my cheek; then recovering herself, put her handkerchief again to my supposed wound, and cast her eyes up to heaven, streaming with tears. It is my firm persuasion, however, that not one thought, which saints might blush to acknowledge, found its way into that spotless mind; and I may safely say, that these blandishments had no other effect upon me, than to distract my soul with the cruellest presages. In the state in which she was, it was necessary to stop at the inn; and, as her servant informed me, she did nothing but talk in her sleep of Eugenio all the night long, and call for fresh handkerchiefs to stop his bleeding wound. Alas! sir, I am almost tempted to wish that it had really been a bleeding wound, and that that night had been my last; but I was unhappily preserved to feel a deeper wound than any bullet could have inflicted. Happy had it been for me, had the chances of battle in which I have since been engaged, released me from my melancholy existence!

'The next morning this best of women had recovered her usual serenity, and fortunately retained but a faint recollection of the transactions of the preceding evening. From this moment I marked the gradual waste of her spirits and understanding: but the expression of humanity had adorned her with ceaseless Graces; and though in a few months nothing was left but the shadow of that beauty that was made to rob princes of their rest, yet sufficient of her native loveliness remained to manifest that it was a decay without degeneracy, and that her virtue, though inactive for a while, was waiting in dormant suspense the summons to a more suitable existence. Mean while the breath of scandal, which tainted her reputation, gave her not a minute's sorrow; and she repined, for their own sakes, at the malignities of her sex. Confusion to that outrageous virtue, that can feast, like savages, on the very blood of the fallen! As to my-

self it has ever been my opinion, that the want of charity is the greatest heresy, and that the infirmities of the sex are above their severeties.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 86.)

This empl yment carried him to that city, where he resided during two years, the time the office continued. But his assiduous attendance on that business could not, check the vivacity of his active genius in following the pursuits to which he was so remarkably addicted. Accordingly, we find him at this time sending to the royal society an account of an extraordinary storm of hail, which fell in Wales and at Chester, on the 29th of April 1697, and presently afterwards climbing to the top of Snowden-hill, in order to improve the rule he had before recommended, for measuring great heights by the proportional fall of mercury in the barometer. He also made some uncommonly curious observations on a surprising rainbow, seen by him at Chester, on the 6th of August the following year 1698; and on the third of November following he sailed in the Paramour ship of war to observe the variation of the magnetic needle, as we have already mentioned.

Soon after his return, the captain, as he was now called, sailed again in the same ship, with another express commission from the king, to observe the course of the tides in every part of the British channel, and take the longitude and latitude ef the principal head-lands, in order to delineate the coasts with the requisite accuracy. These orders were executed with the usual expedition; and, soon after his return, he published in 1702, a large map of the British channel.

The emperor of Germany being desirous of making a convenient and safe harbour for shipping, in that part of his dominions which borders on the Adriatic, Captain Halley was ordered by Queen Anne, to view the two ports on the Dal-matian coast, opening into that sea. Accordingly he embarked in the Thames on the 27th of November, went over into Holland, and, passing thence thro' Germany to Vienna, he had there a conference with the English minister Mr. Stepney. From thence he proceeded to Istria, with a view of entering on the execution of the emperor's design; but some opposition being then made to it by the Dutch, he returned to Vienna, where, being introduced by Mr. Stepney, to Leopold, he gave him an account of the two harbours on the Istrian coast. Whereupon his imperial majesty presented him with a rich diamond ring from his own finger, and gave him a letter highly to his honour, written with his own hand to Queen Anne. He was also received with great respect by the king of the Romans, Prince Eugene, and the principal officers of that court.

Soon after his arrival in England he was again dispatched on the same business. He now pursued his journey through Osnaburg and Hanover, where he supped with his present majesty, then Electoral Prince, and his sister the late queen of Prussia. On his arrival at Vienna he was presented the same evening to the Emperor, who directly sent his chief engineer to attend him to Istria, whither they repaired, and added some new fortifications to those at Trieste, the port of Boccari being found, by captain Halley, fit to receive all kinds of shipping with safety.

Having seen the work finished, he returned to England, where he arrived just before the great storm which happened on the 26th of November 1703; and, Dr. Watlis dying a few days before, our author was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford in his room, and had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by that University.

He was scarcely settled at Oxford before Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ church, prevailed upon him to engage in an undertaking which had been be un by Dr. Bernard, namely, a translation of Appollonius de Sectione Rationis from the Arabic into Latin. The task was by no means an easy one, especially to our new professor, who was then an intire stranger to the Arabic language, and his præcursor in the work had done only a few passages. But Dr. Halley, who was a perfect master of the subject, knew how to make use of these as a key to the rest, by which means he in a manner decyphered the whole, and completed the translation with a success that was really surprising. At the same time our Editor, restored, from the account given of them by Pappus, the two books which are lost, of the same author, 'De Sectione Spatii; and the whole work was published by him at Oxford in the year 1706.

He had no sooner finished this task, than he undertook a larger with his colleague Dr. Gregory, in preparing for the press the same Appollonius' Conics. Here he again engaged in that which was by far the most difficult part of the work, and ventured to supply the whole eighth book, which was wanting in the original. Nor was even this arduous attempt sufficient to employ the whole extent of his faculties. He also added the treatise of Serenus on the section of the cylinder and cone, printed from the original Greek, with a Latin translation, in two books; and published the whole in folio, in the year 1710. At the same time he also prepared for the press an edition of Menelaus' spherics.

In the midst of all this business came out the Miscellanea Curiosa, containing, besides others, several of his pieces, and the whole printed under his direction in three volumes octavo, in the year 1708. Sir Hans Sloane resigned his post of Secretary to the Royal Society in the year 1713, our author was elected to succeed him.

As he always retained the most ardent desire of perfecting the th ory of the moon's motion, so he never omitted to employ all the hours he could spare from other necessary duties, in that important attempt; and had the satisfaction to find, that, in the year 1715, he had nearly compleated this theory with regard to the syzigies or conjunctions. By this means he not only predicted within a very few minutes the central eclipse of the sun, which happened that year, but also drew a map, wherein the extent of the moon's shadow was represented to a surprising degree of exactness. Both the Astronomer Royal, and Mr. Whiston, published calculations of this eclipse, but both fell very short of the accuracy of Dr. Halley's; and, consequently, afforded a very conspicuous instance of his superior abilities, at least, in the science of astronomy; indeed his merit was so firmly established by this event, that it was not in the power of envy or party opposition to lessen it. So that on the death of Mr. Flamsteed, which happened in the year 1719, Dr. Halley was appointed, by his late majesty king George the First, to succeed him as astronomer royal.

Being thus settled at Greenwich, he at length saw himself in possession, not only of such advantages with regard to his fortune as satisfied his moderation, but also of those opportunities with respect to his fame, which had all along been the principal view of his life. His most ardent wish was to bring the theory of the moon's motion, at least to so great a degree of forwardness as would be sufficient to excite others to finish his scheme of that which he always considered as the only practical method of finding the longitude at sea. He was not only provided with the best conveniencies for that purpose, but had the honour of his royal master's express commands to apply himself particularly to that subject; and at the same time was in a capacity of prosecuting it without interruption by having a handsome competency for the support of his family. Nor did he fail to answer even the most sanguine expectations of his friends. For, though he entered at Greenwich into a house where nothing was left but bare walls, yet he immediately fixed a transit instrument in the plain of the meredian, and applied himself to his darling employment with that assiduity which constituted the most distinguishing part of his character.

He was now in the sixty-fourth year of his age, a time of life when Cicero said of himself in the words of Plutarch, 'Mihi quidem ætas acta ferme est, Life is almost over with me,' yet he attended his telescope without any assistance for eighteen years afterwards. During which period he scarcely neglected a meredian observation of the moon, whether by day or night, as often as the heavens would permit. And, that he might have no avocation from this work, he resigned, in 1721, his post of secretary to the Royal society, and the next year began to take the right ascensions of the moon with his transit instrument, till the celebrated mural arch was erected at the public expence in the year 1725, by which he was enabled to determine their longitudes from observations.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Addressed to Miss Eliza D—— on her Birth Day.

Oh! may thy ev'ry natal day
Eliza shine like this,
May each the former promise pay
In sums of lasting bliss;

And may thy soul dissolving eye,
Ne'er know but rapture's tear,
(Ah! cou'd I bid the archers fly,)
That ever ambush there.

But let my muse her wishes cease;
For fate they cannot move,
Thy virtues will secure the peace,
Thy charms must win the love.

B——

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

TO A LADY.

So soon my fair as day shall close the scene
When toilsome care enwraps the ardent mind,
I seek with joy the shade of night serene,
To urge my vows of love to you that's kind.

In that dear bosom all my soul I pour;
Not e'en a thought but unto you is known:
My fervent wishes from the heart they soar,
And in Love's accents to my maid are shewn.

But fleeting time too soon these joys will end,
And stern command this partial bliss to cease,
When seraphs bear you from this earth to spend
The days of truth in realms of lasting peace.

D——

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

NIGHT.

The clock struck twelve, the watchman's voice
Rung on the ear of night;
The moon thro' folds of ambient clouds
Pour'd forth her borrow'd light.

My pensive soul by whim inspir'd,
Had urg'd me to the green,
Where wrapt in contemplation deep
I view'd the solemn scene.

Dread Silence in the sable vest
Now mounts her awful throne:
Dull Somnus with oblivion's cup,
Releives pale Misery's moan.

Those ravag'd fields the late abodes
Of Iceland's sheety snow,
These gelid streams whose limpid waves
In ice refus'd to flow.

Now rescu'd from the tyrant's reign,
Bright Sol asserts the plain,
Shall chiming flow, and verdant bloom,
Diffusing joy again.

Lo! Winter for the frozen north
Decamps his ruthless band,
While genial spring in verdant pride,
Breaths fragrance o'er the land.

The Zephyrs gently wave the reeds,
And sigh among the trees,
My breast suffus'd with nature's joy
Inhales the balmy breese.

All nature rests—a solemn pause
Involves this midnight hour,
Stern force unbends his knotty brows,
And slacks his vig'rous pow'r.

The wretch and slave in quiet sleep,
Soft slumbers rock the brain;
But soon alas! these joys must yield
To piercing throbs of pain.

O.

ANACREONTIC.

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slyly smil'd;
Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
But, ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusions fled,
"Sleep again my joys restore,
"Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"

CANZONET.

I.

Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast!
Why should horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree,
Thy bed may be,
And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

II.

Madien, once gay pleasures knew thee;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep.
Love has been a felon to thee;
Yet, poor maiden! do not weep:
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

DESULTARY SCRAPS.

A nobleman of the thick blood of the Irish nation, paid his addresses to the daughter of a friend of mine, who valued money more than ancestry: the old gentleman hinted to his lordship, that he supposed his fortune was equivalent to his daughter's? "why no, sir," replied his lordship, "I cannot say 'tis altogether so considerable; but then you know, sir, there is my blood."—"O, damn your blood!" returns the gentleman, without hesitation, "if you squander my daughter's fortune away, she must not depend on your blood for subsistence; a hog's blood would be of more service then, and would make much better puddings."

"Silence! keep silence in the court!" said one day, an angry judge, "why will you not keep silence? Here we have judged a dozen causes this morning, and have not heard a word of one of them."

A Devonshire droll has thus burlesqued the lullaby pastorel of Shenstone. "My banks they are furnished with bees, &c.

My beds are all furnish'd with fleas,
Whose bitings invite me to scratch:
Well stock'd are my orchards with jays,
And my pig-sties white over with thatch.

De Retz says, that no ancient Roman ever possessed the virtues of courage and of public spirit in a degree superior to Mole, who was first president of the parliament of Paris. In the time of the Fronde, a man presented a dagger to his breast, threatning him with instant death if he would not consent to some decree proposed in the parliament which Mole thought prejudicial to his country, "know, my friend," said he, looking sternly at him, "that the distance is infinite from the dagger of an assasin to the heart of an honest man."

A country justice, after joining a couple in the holy bands of matrimony, concludes in the following whimsical manner:

LET US PRAY.

O Lord! thou who who first constituted matrimony in Cana of Gallilee, made it an holy order, let us they servants constitute it on earth; and as the parties have agreed, I pronounce them Man and Wife; so Amen. After which he gave the following certificate:

It was in dark and rainy weather,
I join'd this man and maid together,
None but that God who rules the thunder,
Can put this Rogue and Scold assunder.

MARRIED.

In Lancaster county Pennsyl. on Friday the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Arthur, Mr. Edward Mott, jr. of this city, to Miss Fidelia Slaymaker, of the former place.

Terms of the Repository.—Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly. Distant subscribers to pay half yearly in advance, or obtain sufficient security in the city.

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